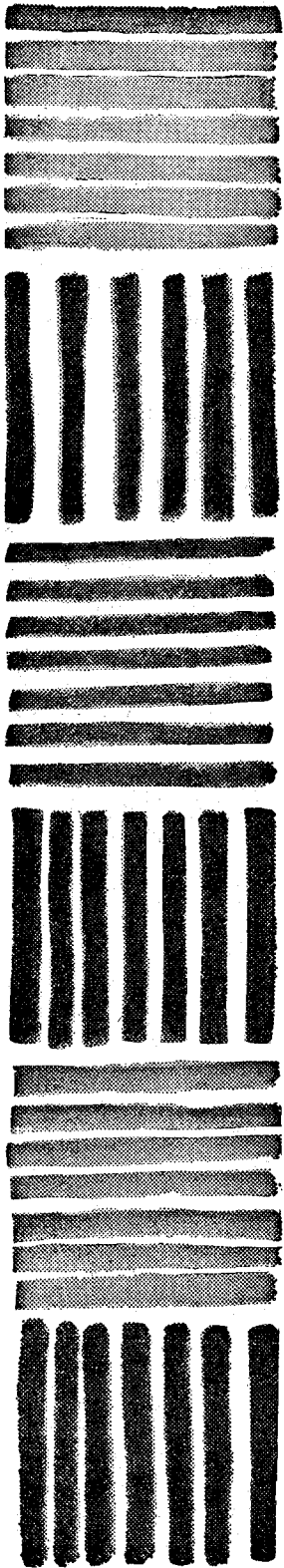


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Program For The Future

The Peace Movement

Charles Bolton

Flushing Meadows

THE HARD-SELL FAIR

C. Gervin Hayden

VIETNAM

The UN Peeks In

Betty Pilkington

JEAN GENET — A REVIEW

Ihab Hassan

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LETTERS

Teachers and strikes

Flushing, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I must disagree with your editorial (Sept. 21) which upholds the right of public school teachers to strike. The concept of the strike which is applicable to the area of private business is not applicable to the areas of government owned and operated essential services.

When the workers in a private business threaten to strike they are offering their employer a choice: "Either meet our demands or your production will cease." When workers in private business are out on strike they are again offering their employer a choice: "Either meet our demands and renew production or stay out of business." In both cases the employer can take one or the other alternative. For essential public services, however, both of the above choices are inappropriate. In the case of public education, the right of a union to offer the government the above sets of alternatives can only be supported by those foes of public education who would "get the government out of the education business."

Robert Kaplan

Side effects of autos

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: The article by Ralph Nader (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) stresses industry's avoidance of planning for safety in the design of automobiles. . . . But for me, the main interest lies in how the automobile industry has been poisoning our metropolitan social life.

In Detroit, the auto industry has sabotaged every effort to get a public transportation system for the city and its suburbs. Here, as in Los Angeles, dependence has been placed upon expressways and the auto. But the overloading of the routes has many talking of how they would leave the car at home and take the monorail train—if there was one. Today in Detroit almost everybody including the mayor and the Detroit Common Council sees the need for monorail or some other public transportation system.

But just at this point the subtle poisoning starts. The automobile has done more than anything else to establish our suburbs. Coincidentally, it has been the innocent means of creating class and racial segregation—between housing and people of the central city against ranch homes and other people of the suburbs. The loud motto, "Keep Dearborn Clean," in Detroit's southern neighbor is echoed by the whispered "Get away from the Colored" in all other suburbs of Detroit.

This mania for separation and seg-

regation is a monstrous thing. But we can see how the automobile industry thrives on it. No matter how frustrating it is to drive an auto on the expressways, the average Detroiters won't use the D.S.R. (Detroit Street Railway) buses because "the colored" are on those buses. A class and racial prejudice has been built up against the buses and incidentally against any nonsegregated public transportation system. . . .

Alan Mather

Election slogan

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

Goldwater in 1964

Hot Water in 1965

Bread and Water in 1966

Wes Barthelmes

Iranian despotism

Dear Sirs: The following are a few facts about Iran's election. . . .

After killing about 2,000 of the Iranian people in the June uprising in Iran, while the people were under martial law and terror, the Shah hastily decided to set up an election to satisfy the United States which had pressured him to do so. We would like to point out that the June uprising in Iran did not belong to any particular group, as was claimed by the Iranian Government; it was an emotional reaction of an oppressed nation under the Shah's terrorism.

This election was held under martial law. All the opposition leaders, including National Fronts, were arrested and jailed. After June's "Shoot to Kill" order of the Shah, the people of Iran were so desperate and afraid of the Shah's Gestapo-style Secret Police that they did not dare to show any reaction against the rigged so-called election. The experience of June's uprising had shown that angry fists cannot resist American-made machine guns and tanks. There was only one thing left for them to do and that was to stay home and not take part in the election. They knew the Secret Police had picked out the "reliable candidates," those faithful to the Shah, way ahead of time. They knew that as in the past two elections, the ballot boxes would be replaced by ones already filled by the government.

We do not believe that the American taxpayers want their tax money to go to such a barbaric government. Their tax dollars not only have not stopped the spread of communism, but have paved the way for it by making the poor poorer and the rich richer. Supporting an unpopular regime in the Middle Eastern countries, particularly

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in Iran, will eventually turn the people of these countries against the United States.

For the sake of our families' safety, we would prefer to remain anonymous.

[Signed by seven Iranian students
—EDITORS]

The Lady Known as Nhu

A great artist has come to our shores. Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu has created more excitement than Eleanora Duse or Sarah Bernhardt. She certainly talks more than these tragediennes ever did in their professional capacity. She enchants or paralyzes men. Some of the worst interviewing since TV was invented was put on the air by experienced male journalists, who were apparently overcome by Mme. Nhu's scented silk gowns and inch-long fingernails. Women were less susceptible, but not all could resist the spell.

Besides beauty, style, and volubility, the visitor possesses in the highest degree a quality that in Yiddish is called "chutzpah," inadequately translated as gall. Political success is impossible without it, but few have been endowed with it in such measure. It consists in the courage to say what will serve to convince or, if not convince, to silence or confuse, although everyone knows that the very opposite is true. Without qualms of conscience, just say what will serve your ends, either loudly, as crude politicians do, or with an air of sweet innocence and helplessness, which is the Nhu technique — in the United States. In South Vietnam she uses the iron fist; there she has the assistance of the special police.

Nevertheless, Madame's artful dodging does not assure her a triumphal tour, as the jeering receptions at Princeton and Harvard have already indicated. In the end Mme. Nhu may be forced to pick up the national treasury and enjoy life in Paris. For she has only one argument: I am harder on communism than you are, therefore I am right and you are wrong. In a typical Nhuism she declared: "The world is under a spell, the Communist-inspired spell which is now called liberalism." This drivel still appeals to right-wing rebels against the world of the sixties, but it can no longer be sold to the ordinary American. Her fakery was forcefully exposed by her own father when he said, with dignity but deadly accuracy, that she and her husband have been a great gift to communism in Southeast Asia.

It Depends on Which Scientist

When a scientist, novelist or peacemaker is designated for a Nobel Prize, the American press has a standard reaction. It flips. The editors, if the laureate is a scientist, have usually never heard of him, nor of the great accomplishment that earned him the prize. By custom and tradition, however, the tone of comment is laudatory.

The case of Linus Pauling, who received his second Nobel Prize, this time for his efforts on behalf of peace, is a different story. Verbal peacemaking is all right, of course, but the efforts of an activist like Pauling go a bit too far. Some sections of the press were shocked by the choice of this chemist who

doesn't know enough to stay in his own field. The Linus Paulings of the world, said the New York *Herald Tribune*, "have made themselves not only nuisances, but dangerous nuisances." The *Los Angeles Times*, while proud of the man from Pasadena, quoted Robert M. Hutchins (entirely out of context) to the effect that scientists don't commit frauds in their profession since they can't get away with it, but outside of it they are almost totally lacking in probity.

Pauling will take it all with equanimity.

Setback for Shelters

Less than a month after the House approved a bill to establish a nation-wide fallout shelter program, it refused to appropriate the funds necessary to operate the program. On October 10, the House ratified the Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee's cut of civil-defense funds — a whopping cut of 75 per cent, allowing only \$87.8 million out of Civil Defense's request for \$246.9 million. But this offers scant comfort for those who feel that the protection shelters would afford has been vastly overrated. The Office of Civil Defense is certain to return to the House with a supplemental appropriation request, which will be sent not to the hostile Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee but to the more sympathetic Deficiency Appropriations Subcommittee. Given the willingness of the House to rubber-stamp committee judgments on civil defense, quite possibly there will be still another reversal. We should not assume, therefore, that the issue has been shelved; it will come up again, possibly when least expected, and opponents of a shelter program must keep on the alert.

How to Get Rid of the Draft

The announced purpose of the new military pay act is to retain men for career service. Accordingly, the largest increases are going to officers and enlisted members in the middle grades — 23 per cent for lieutenants and captains, 17 per cent for corporals and petty officers third class. Sergeant majors, master sergeants, master chief petty officers and senior chief petty officers with over 26 years of service receive the largest dollar increases — \$120 per month — presumably to induce them to remain in uniform instead of retiring.

No one with under two years of service receives any increase. Everyone else gets something (including \$95 a month increases for the five chiefs of staff) except the lowly E-1s, who remain at \$78 per month. Canadian raw recruits are better off; they start at \$88 (Canadian) — good enough, at the Canadian price level, so that Canada does not require the draft. In general, Canada is more generous with the lower ranks than is the United States. An American Pfc. can never draw

more than \$165 a month under the new pay scale; his Canadian equivalent, the lance corporal, starts at \$189 and may go as high as \$279.

The Pentagon calls up 6,000 to 7,000 draftees per month to supplement volunteers. If the pay of the E-1s were increased by, say, 15 per cent, enough volunteers might be obtained to eliminate the draft. The armed services are hardly an ideal school for the young, but they do offer technical training that might enable untrained youngsters to compete on the labor market after a term of service. Socially, this would make more sense than the services' objective of keeping people who evidently have no overwhelming love for the military life. The increased cost would probably be offset by the savings that would result from elimination of the expensive selective-service setup. And the indirect advantages would be substantial, for the draft is wasteful, interrupts the education of thousands of young men, creates severe administrative problems for the colleges and, more important, is unfair in operation (see "We Don't Need the Draft" by John C. Esty, Jr., *The Nation*, February 23, 1963).

Unanimity

October 10 was Paul Kruger Day in South Africa, to honor the first president of the Boer republics and the fighters of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, now part of the Union of South Africa. On that same day South African apartheid was condemned by a vote of 106-1 in the United Nations General Assembly, the lone dissenting vote being cast by South Africa itself. When the moral sense of the great majority of the world's inhabitants is sufficiently outraged, the schisms of the UN disappear and unanimity emerges. It doesn't happen often, but it happened on October 10.

The event was notable on several grounds. On the previous day, the condemnatory resolution passed by a vote of 87 to 1 in the Special Political Committee, with Portugal casting the opposing vote. The United States abstained, along with eight other nations. By the following day the tide of condemnation was running so strong that the abstainers were swept into affirmation. Portugal found it expedient to be absent.

A revealing incident occurred during the voting on October 10. When Panama went to the rostrum and announced it was switching from abstention to condemnation, most of the delegates cheered. They were cheering not for Panama alone, but because it was almost certain that the United States too had switched.

To talk of South Africa, under the Verwoerd regime, as barbarous, is to slander barbarians. Under the sabotage laws some thirty-three persons have been executed this year and 600 imprisoned for from eighteen months to twenty years. The total number in jail is unknown: under South African law, anyone can be jailed indefinitely without being charged with any crime. The period for such confinement is eighty-eight days, renewable at the government's option. The latest batch of prisoners includes Walter M. Sisulu and Nelson Mandela, leaders of the proscribed African Nationalist Congress Party. The UN resolu-

tion was rushed through the General Assembly in the hope of saving these victims, who have been held in solitary confinement and are about to be tried.

By all indications, UN action against South Africa will snowball. The United States has taken steps to stop the flow of arms to South Africa by the end of 1963, and African countries are urging Britain and France to take similar measures. What the Africans want is a total embargo on trade with the Union of South Africa. If this includes petroleum, they think the Union might be forced to abandon its racist policies, or at least moderate them.

The UN's unanimity on October 10 is heartening, but all these plans are almost as negative as sending criminals to jail for the deterrent effect. A more positive approach, proposed by the Nordic group (Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden), has been presented to the UN by the Danish Foreign Minister, Per Haekkerup. The lament of the South African whites, which in their eyes justifies any atrocity, is that they could not survive in an African state in which non-whites had complete equality. The Nordic idea is the formation of a democratic multi-racial state, with the UN maintaining law and order during the transition period. It is probably too late for such a humane solution; if so, the South African racists have only themselves to blame. But the idea should be examined with all care and sincerity.

Women's Work Has Just Begun

Probably no one did more to enhance the position of women in twentieth-century America than Eleanor Roosevelt. It was fitting that she be appointed head of President Kennedy's Commission on the Status of Women, and that the commission's report be issued on October 11, the anniversary of her birth. The report is ambitious and many-sided; of necessity, it contains far more generalities than specifics. Then, too, the commission could only recommend; it was given no power to decree. Undoubtedly that is why one suggestion in the report is for women to start suing in cases of sex discrimination so that the courts can issue rulings. Certainly, due process in respect to the rights of women is long overdue; and clear-cut court decisions could be helpful. But lawsuits are costly for the private plaintiff and long drawn out, as Negro citizens have found. Possibly the women's movement will devise short cuts, too. These are surely in order since, on the average, women receive only 60 per cent of what men get for the same work — and receive no compensating 40 per cent discount on prices for food, clothing and shelter, to say nothing of the cost of child care.

The commission's official report has now been presented in a formal ceremony at the White House, and the commission members have all been thanked and bidden farewell, since funds were set up for a twenty-two-month period only. Now women's work will have to start in earnest, to see that the findings and recommendations do not gather dust in the file-and-forget department of the Administration.

His Wife Likes It

James Forstner, a probation officer in San Francisco's juvenile court, has been suspended because he refuses to shave his beard. Makes him look like a beatnik, says his superior. Offhand, it may seem that a man (particularly a man with a wife and two children) must be some sort of nut if he jeopardizes a job for the sake of his whiskers. But nuttiness, like most things, is relative, and what are we to think of Mr. Strycula, the senior probation officer, who equates an adornment as old as the male sex with asocial behavior? What about Lincoln? What about Longfellow

(is *Hiawatha* to be banned?); what about Santa Claus?

Mr. Forstner is not, of course, all that fond of his beard (though he says his wife likes it). He objects to being ordered to conform. And as a probation officer he may know more about the evil of that sort of tyranny than most of us; the pressure to conform contributes to gang behavior, and gang behavior is what Mr. Forstner has been hired to combat. We've seen a picture of the beard (it is trim and well-tended; rather like Degas') and we agree with Mrs. Forstner that on her husband it looks good. It takes courage to defy official impudence, but probation work does not attract cowards.

Scientists and the Public Weal . . Philip Siekevitz

Here and there an ivory tower is being vacated for good. The older generation of inhabitants is dying off, and the younger wants none of these accommodations. Slowly, scientists are entering society. Did I say enter? I mean being pushed. Did I say they are "leaving" the ivory tower? I mean being evicted. We are being cajoled, entreated, even threatened, to come out.

In response, then, to this public clamor, and also to a certain inner compulsion, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) set up, a few years ago, an Interim Committee on the Social Aspects of Science. I quote briefly from its report:

We are now in the midst of a new and unprecedented scientific revolution which promises to bring about profound changes in the condition of human life. The forces and processes now coming under human control are beginning to match in size and intensity those of nature itself, and our total environment is now subject to human influence. In this situation, it becomes imperative to determine that these new powers shall be used for the maximum good; for, if the benefits to be derived from them are great, the possibility of harm is correspondingly serious.

This report prompted the AAAS to set up a Committee on Science in the Promotion of Human Welfare, which in turn has issued its own report—a thoroughly remark-

able document signifying an awareness of society that most scientists thought other scientists lacked. Its major tenet is not only that scientists have a social responsibility, but that this responsibility should weigh almost as heavily with the scientist as his duty to seek the truth in the laboratory.

The problems to be tackled, according to the report, are of a nature familiar to *Nation* readers. Put into the report's context, however, they are of enhanced significance, for here the problems are addressed to the very scientists who in large measure created them, and whose talents are needed for their solution. Listed are such questions as the social consequences of our advancing technology, e.g., automation, the use of food additives and insecticides, population control; the association of scientific research with military activity (creating a new and unfavorable "public image" of science and tending, because of the secrecy involved, to inhibit research); the overshadowing of the universal aspects of scientific research by its increasingly nationalistic character, leading to a possible decrease in international scientific collaboration; the many problems posed by governmental support of research; and, finally, the integrity of science.

The immediate steps proposed by the report reflect the traditionalist nature of most scientists, and show clearly that in matters of this kind one must move slowly to move at all. One proposal, originating in a recently adopted practice of the British AAS, is to hold a great num-

ber of public meetings throughout the country, at which scientists would discuss their achievements and how they were accomplished—to explain, in other words, how scientific research is actually conducted. Another proposal relates to the accessibility of known facts about a given problem. It is proposed that the scientific facts be made available to all scientists; that these facts should then be disseminated to the public via groups of scientists under the auspices of the AAAS; and, finally, that liaison between scientists and the public should be developed on a local basis, so that when issues come up locally involving scientific matters, there would be available a group capable of furnishing the relevant facts.

At its annual meeting in New York last December, the AAAS departed from tradition to devote much of its program to the relationship between scientists and society. Symposia were held on such diverse topics as "The Scientists' Role in the Community" and "Psychological and Sociological Implications of Nuclear Arms." One of the main addresses was by C. P. Snow, who discussed "The Moral Unneutrality of Science." The gist of his argument was that scientists have a "moral imperative to say what they know," despite the fact that they may regard themselves as nationals of this country or that, or that they may have become, in many cases, "soldiers not in uniform."

Perhaps the most interesting session was on "The Effect of the Pres-

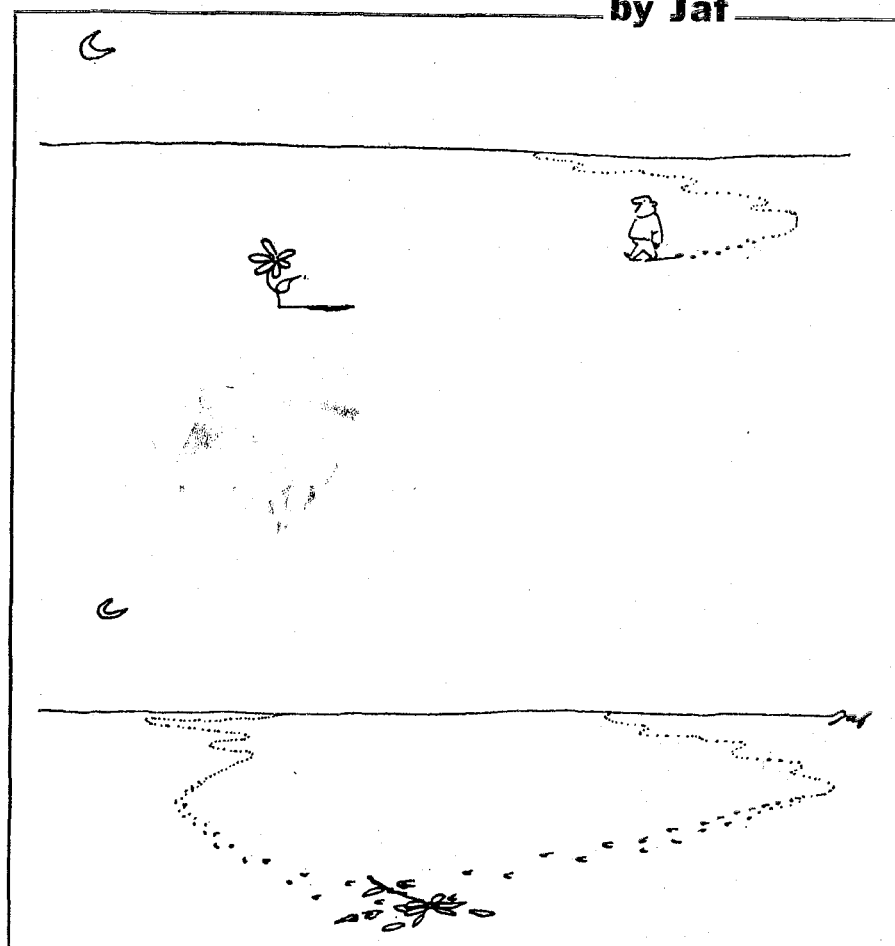
Philip Siekevitz is a biochemist at the Rockefeller Institute. He is co-author of the recent book Cell Structure and Function (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

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ent Status of Science on the Integrity of Science." The debate was thrown open to the public (who constituted half the audience). And the lay audience, to a man, demanded that the scientists go out into the world and *do* something about the disasters threatening us at every hand. It was a case of the laity pushing the priesthood, so to speak. Some among the laity wanted scientists to run the country, or at least to get out there and disperse the lawyers. Of course, the scientists rejected this offer with the not ungracious reason that no one group has a monopoly on political wisdom. But the difference between the insistence of most of the public that the scientists "get out to the pitching mound," and the distaste of most scientists even to enter the bull pen, was striking.

Why this hesitancy? Certainly it is due neither to ignorance of, nor disinterest in, social and political questions. I think the main reason lies in the profound difference between the way a scientist thinks in his laboratory and the way he must think outside. In his work, the scientist is bound by a fairly rigid set of rules that have evolved, pragmatically, over the years. Thus, as scientists, we make statements with interminable hedges, since most of what we assert to be "true" today will be found false tomorrow, as we well know. How different is the political world! The good politician is—indeed, must be—sure of himself. For this is the only way the political game can be played. A politician does not lie or exaggerate so much as he *simplifies*. This simplification, necessary for the politician, is practically a misdemeanor for the scientist. Hence, when a scientist goes into politics, he not only must *talk* differently, he has to *think* differently. What the public wants, what Congressional committees want, is not discussion but a conclusion. And this most scientists find a difficult thing to give.

An additional factor involved is the matter of *esteem*. A scientist likes to think that other scientists in his field think him worthy. (The esteem of his fellows is needed to compensate for the frustrations that are practically built into the scientific life; most experiments, after all, turn out to be "failures.") What do his peers think when a scientist gets up and starts to talk "science"



to the public—and this not even in a scientific manner, but in a political one? Teller and Pauling are damned by their colleagues for their politicking *not* so much because of the side of the political fence each happens to be on, but simply because they talk about scientific matters in a political way. It takes a hardy soul to brave the disapproval of those whose opinions he values most.

The fact is that when the scientist enters the social world, he cannot take his scientific world with him. He must, in a way, compromise his scientific code. This is the problem that has to be faced if scientists en masse decide to go into social questions, politics, questions of human welfare. Some scientists realize this and deliberately opt out of any social responsibilities; others, realizing the problem perhaps only subconsciously, damn those of their colleagues who dare to "meddle" in human affairs.

If scientists as a group take the plunge into society, some new ground rules will have to be laid down. Scientific "facts" can only be

interpreted by scientists; and when the interpretation is given solely for the purpose of educating the laity, it will necessarily have to be simplified. And this, I think, is what Chancellor Leake was driving at: he wants the AAAS to take upon itself the responsibility for getting information and interpretation to the public in a manner in which it can be understood, and he wants the scientist to be prepared to give what is needed without feeling guilt at dealing in scientific inadequacies.

I hope I have not given the impression that science, as a body, is jumping headlong into the political battle. Far from it. Former President Eisenhower, before leaving office, called to public attention the close tie-in between the military and scientists; he even mentioned the dramatization of weapons development, such as the pseudo-scientific pictorial advertising of ballistic missiles in many magazines. A good example of a prime offender in this regard is the *American Scientist*, official magazine of the scientific-research honorary society,

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Sigma Xi. The magazine's editors—and most scientists, for that matter—see nothing wrong in the use of science as a cover for the political, image-making activities of a group with a particular ax to grind. And they see nothing wrong precisely because they think the scientist should stick to his last, and let others care about the use, and even the direction, of his research. It is not that those who adopt this attitude are necessarily of the political Right; they are simply rigidly apolitical. And, of course, in being so they lend themselves to use by whatever political power happens to be in control. They are not themselves in control, even if their faces occasionally adorn the cover of *Time*. So, despite appearances, scientists are not really part of the Establishment. As Irving Michelson noted at one of the AAAS symposia, scientists are not in effective communication with the public, with the result that “present public distrust of science and scientists has rarely been exceeded.”

This is what hurts. For we scientists look back upon two decades of unparalleled scientific research and development, and much of what we see rouses anger and shame in us. We look upon the results of a great technological revolution, and we see idle gadgets—useless, absurd. While the cities of the Western world strangle slowly in their own traffic, scientific technology is used to provide transport into empty space for the few. We build magnificent highways and sky-contained communications systems, and we hurry, hurry, hurry to and from the hovels we live in. The bacterial and viral diseases are being conquered all over the world; and the death rate falls, populations increase; but there is little scientific progress in population control, in food production, toward a balanced ecology: no one thinks about *human* space. We see our best physics being used in preparation to blow up half the world; we see microbiologists and chemists being asked to supply man-killers. We see the

richest nation in the world squandering the resources not only of this generation, but of the next and the next.

And this is not the worst. The worst is that, by our hedonism, our intellectual dogmatizing, our intemperateness, our carelessness, we have dissipated that which we can never regain. How unique is the individual, the singularity of his brain! Because of all the possible permutations of genetics, no individual can ever be re-created. So how else but with despair can we look back upon the millions of irreplaceable individuals—yes, including geniuses to whom we might have owed so much—whom we have killed in the last two decades? As scientists, and particularly as biologists, we grieve, for we know the complete and utter waste. We must share the guilt; we must share the atonement: this is our ultimate responsibility. We must vow that this should not happen again; we must share this resolve: this is our only possible vindication.

VIETNAM: THE UN PEEKS IN . . . Betty Pilkington

The seven United Nations ambassadors dispatched to South Vietnam to examine relations between the government and the Buddhist community are operating entirely without a UN mandate (merely Diem's invitation to “see for themselves”); they are in search of facts which one can assume they already have, about a problem that Diem himself says is already “settled”; and they will be guests of a government that regards the whole thing as an internal matter and therefore “entirely outside the competence of the UN.”

But the unreality doesn't stop there.

The fact-finding group is in the somewhat awkward position of having accepted a come-and-see-all from a regime that is known to have exercised severe censorship in an effort to keep the rest of the world from finding out what is really going on. Moreover, quite contrary to UN precedent, no information of-

ficer was sent along with the group.

Just as irregular is the matter of finance. The president of the Assembly, in announcing the make-up of the group—Afghanistan, Brazil, Ceylon, Costa Rica, Dahomey, Morocco and Nepal—stated that the Secretary-General's office had estimated the cost to be \$33,600, leading one to assume that the UN, as is normal for missions of this kind, was picking up the tab.

But meantime Vietnam's Observer Office in New York was saying that the host, the Diem government, would of course cover all the expenses entailed.

Nothing short of a delicate compromise would resolve so sticky an issue.

If the UN had insisted on paying the bill in full it would have come close to giving a certain official stamp to the operation and might have earned the right to call the tune. Moreover, under those circumstances it might have been possible to ask the probers to follow Sihanouk's suggestion and see Vietnamese refugees in Cambodia.

Of all the states actively involved and concerned, Cambodia seems to have taken the worst rap in the back-stage jostling. For a full hour on the afternoon of October 8, the Assembly waited while Huot Sambath, Cambodia's Foreign Minister, was bitterly pressured into not speaking. And when the selection of the seven was hammered out a day or so later, Cambodia was not in the running, even though she is strongly Buddhist and had been a prime mover in bringing the issue to the UN.

Indeed, Diem's representatives in New York had a major, if not *the* major, say on who would make the trip. Four (including the three Asian states) out of the seven chosen have no diplomatic relations with the Diem government. This is not an ideal setup, but on the other hand if recognition had been the criterion the list would have looked a bit too much like a map of NATO. (Interestingly enough, India, very early in the game, backed away from any active part in this controversial issue.)

Betty Pilkington's *The Other Side of the UN* is heard on Pacifica Radio.

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For obvious reasons, then, the expenses are being shared by the UN and the Diem government, a formula that—again—runs counter to UN practice. But it must be clear that if Saigon, on the other hand, had been allowed to pay the bill in full, it would have made it just that much harder, later on, for members of the group to tread a neat line between frankness and good manners.

At this point anyone might be pardoned for wanting to know whether any mission resting on such a rash of irregularities is really such a good idea. From the U.S. point of view—the prevailing one—the answer is yes. But it takes a bit of unraveling.

Shortly after the raids on the pagodas on August 21, Ambassador Gunewardene of Ceylon made it known that his delegation would bring the question of the repression of the Buddhists before the UN. His prime minister's first choice, a Special Session of the Assembly, and Cambodia's first, a Security Council meeting, were by-passed in back-room negotiations in favor of simply using the regular Eighteenth Assembly. On September 9, fourteen—later sixteen—member states made the formal request and the issue was defined as "The Violation of Human Rights in South Vietnam."

The United States did not oppose inscription on the agenda. President Kennedy, after all, had already expressed disapproval of the maltreatment of the Buddhists. Our strategy therefore became: Let debate begin, but cut it off as early as possible. (Technically, discussion of the item has been only adjourned and can be resumed when the mission submits its report. But as old-timers know, anything can happen between the dispatch of a mission and the time that its findings are carefully worked up into polished prose.

The major and most obvious reason for this U.S. diversionary move was that, however much the Assembly might honestly try to keep it a human-rights issue, it would inevitably become a political one. Nor was there any ironical assurance that Mme. Nhu, whose arrival here coincided with the opening of the debate, had voluntarily discarded all her illusions of UN gran-

deur. While Washington would be the last to underestimate the power of a woman, Adlai Stevenson, knowing that her barbarisms were still ringing in the ears of Buddhists and non-Buddhists alike, clearly would not have relished the idea of having to support her "right" of reply in any UN forum.

There is another reason for our wanting to get the question off the fire quickly. Achkar Marof of the Guinea delegation, speaking in the General (Steering) Committee on September 18, when the inscription of the item was under debate, questioned the assumption that justice would be served by inviting a representative of the South Vietnam Government to state its case when the issue reached the Assembly. Hadn't Diem blamed the North Vietnam Government for certain atrocities? Guinea wondered whether those who were now piously asking for a voice for Saigon would do the same for Hanoi.

How far the question of hearing all sides might have been pushed would have depended on how far the Soviet Union was prepared to go, in this year of bliss, in exposing U.S. mischief in Southeast Asia. In fact, if the Soviet Union's behavior in the Assembly during the only meeting that the Buddhist issue survived—the second was hardly more than an announcement of a *fait accompli*—can be taken as a key to present Russian thinking, then it is safe to say that for anything less than a major issue the Soviet Union considers it far more important to preserve the *détente* image than to score a point in the cold war. This runs precisely counter to past USSR behavior in the UN, when the slightest edge and the smallest principle justified a hassle even if it

temporarily alienated most of the Afro-Asians.

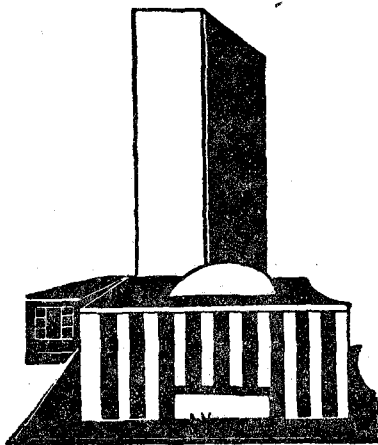
Actually, the Russians seem to have been almost as anxious to divert the Buddhist issue as were we. Federenko's proposal to let the International Control Commission (Canada, India and Poland) take over the errand was seemingly *pro forma*, for the birds; it was all too quickly dropped. In the back of his mind was no doubt the thought that were any bona fide probe undertaken by the ICC, the People's Republic of China, a participant in the Geneva Conference, would have had a thing or two to say.

Although Washington, also, rightly welcomes the easing of tension, there are signs that the plea "Don't spoil the improved atmosphere!" may have become a very useful piece of political leverage. This was without doubt the approach made to the Asians who, only a day or so before, had a long list of speakers ready and were all set to step up pressure on the Diem regime by dramatizing the cause on the world's biggest stage. Moreover, there were plans for a resolution asking the Secretary-General to use his good offices as *mediator* (*not* as *fact-finder*).

But as soon as Ceylon, on October 7, had spoken at length on the maltreatment of the Buddhists, the president of the Assembly read out two letters sent him by Buu-Hoi of the New York office of the Permanent Observer of Vietnam: the first, dated October 3, asked that his government be represented in the debate; and the second, October 4, conveyed the "invitation to the representatives of several Member States . . . that they may see for themselves what the real situation is as regards relations between the Government and the Buddhist community of Vietnam."

The first letter dropped out of the picture, but one cannot help wondering what caused so abrupt a switch in tactics.

Costa Rica urged the Assembly to act on the invitation, lest Vietnam later on be able to say that the UN had neglected to get the full facts. This proposal seemed to be winning almost by default, but then Federenko entered his half-hearted plea for the intervention of the ICC. Costa Rica asked for an adjournment of the meeting so that its



delegation might draft a resolution.

There was indeed a resolution, but it was never debated. True, the Afro-Asians objected to its limited sponsorship (Costa Rica and Chile) and a bit of its phraseology. But the customary answer to a bad resolution is a good one, and that was not to be. A U.S. spokesman said privately that anything bearing the

slightest implication of a UN mandate—and *any* resolution might—would prompt Saigon to shut the door.

In the plenary the president noted that “there exist no formal proposals” and, hearing no objections, he acted on the basis of the October 4 letter.

Whether debate will be boldly and

promptly resumed once the mission has returned will depend on a lot of political variables. But the Buddhists sound ready to get their case across if they are given even the smallest chance; and a few of the visiting mission, at the same time, are prepared to call the whole thing a guided tour if that’s what it turns out to be.

The Hard-Sell Fair . . . C. Gervin Hayden

In the same Flushing Meadow Park where the last New York World’s Fair closed its gates nearly a quarter of a century ago, structures are sprouting and bulldozers are carving out the landscape of the 1964 World’s Fair.

What its directors describe as “phenomenal industrial participation” is producing 646 acres of mammoth ads, corporate images and soft-sell. Six months hence, thousands will be strolling through the fair grounds, amid the biggest array of wallet-tempting sales messages of the decade.

With less governmental subsidization than is usually given to such events by the host country, New York’s exposition has been developed on a strictly self-supporting, self-paying basis. Officially, corporate exhibitors are covering most fair expenses, but ultimately this cost will be passed along to the consumer. The 1964 Fair, while masquerading as a public-service endeavor, has become a hard-nosed, profit-oriented business operation.

Unlike its 1939 predecessor, the 1964 Fair is spending virtually nothing on worth-while exhibits. Only two buildings will be constructed by the World’s Fair Corporation — a 2,000-seat World’s Fair Assembly and an amphitheatre holding 20,000 for athletic events.

Even the fair’s symbol, a 140-foot-high Unisphere encircled by three rings representing the space age, has been built by U.S. Steel. For its efforts, the company receives a mandatory credit line on the fair’s copyrighted trademark.

This trademark, a picture of the Unisphere captioned “Presented by U.S. Steel,” is already appearing on

wearing apparel, telephone directories, toys, and even sugar-cube wrappers. In addition, it has been leased to thirty-eight concerns for use on souvenir posters, emblems, reflectors, rulers, badges, match-book covers, etc. *Advertising Age*, Madison Avenue’s leading trade publication, anointed U.S. Steel’s Unisphere “the greatest tie-in [advertising] coup at the fair.”

Filling the \$75,000-a-year position as fair president is Robert Moses. Although accused of cultural bankruptcy by those in the creative fields, Moses has needed more managerial than cultural skill to organize the fair and keep it financially solvent. His organizational background and reputed ability to wheel and deal within the financial establishment probably marked him for the post.

For one thing, funds had to be obtained from the same business community which still recalled the 1939 disaster when fair bonds yielded only 31c on the dollar. Nevertheless, Moses and his fairsmen have been remarkably, if mercilessly, successful. By limiting construction expenses, charging high ground rents and extending the fair through two summer seasons, they needed only a \$30 million bond issue — barely \$3 million more than the amount needed for the 1939 Fair.

A hefty source of revenue for the World’s Fair Corporation during 1964-65 will be more than \$100 million in gate receipts. With admission \$2 for adults and \$1 for children under twelve, the average family of four will have to pay from \$6 to \$8 just to be admitted to the fair grounds.

The dollar children’s admission has become a political football. New York’s City Council has called for

a 25c admission for school children visiting the fair in groups. Calvin Gross, Superintendent of Schools, asserted that otherwise the high admission rate would prevent the school system from turning the fair into “a major educational experience” for New York youngsters.

With Mayor Wagner’s backing, the City Council asked Moses to appear before its General Welfare Committee to discuss the matter. Moses responded by calling the councilmen and others “assorted Santa Clauses,” refused to appear before the Council’s committee and asserted that a 25c admission for school children was “unthinkable” and would “bring about the financial collapse of the fair.”

Although Moses offered only a few minor concessions, Council President Paul R. Screvane was reported by *The New York Times* as being “confident” the World’s Fair Corporation *would* agree to the reduced fee. Screvane felt Moses had “taken his position because he has encouraged people to invest in it and he wants them to at least break even on their investment.”

In any event, Moses is not bound by any resolution of the City Council, Mayor Wagner, nor by anyone other than the independent World’s Fair Corporation which he heads. This has also kept Moses secure from Councilman Robert A. Low’s effort to investigate finances.

Councilman Low has claimed that \$4.8 million have been spent “without competitive bidding” which appears “in the nature of a pork barrel.” Low points out that legal fees as of December, 1962, had been \$798,000, four times what they had been during an equivalent period for the 1939 Fair. He also charged that expenditures for public relations, advertising, conven-

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tions and entertainment appeared to have been extravagant.

Low listed under "other unexplained items" an incident where "favored people [received] contracts allegedly without competitive bidding for the Top of the Fair Restaurant at a moderate rental for a two-year period" during which the restaurant "is expected to gross \$10 million a year."

In another development, the Bureau of International Expositions, recognized controlling agency for world fairs, refused to sanction the New York event because it violated two B.I.E. regulations: (1) it would run longer than the B.I.E.-allowed six months, and (2) the U.S. quota of a fair per decade was used up by the Seattle Fair.

B.I.E. has requested that its members boycott the New York Fair. As a result, most Western European powers, Britain and three-fourths of the Commonwealth countries (including Canada) are by-passing the 1964 exposition.

Although a governmental boycott doesn't prevent the industrial establishments of that country from exhibiting, most foreign businesses have apparently felt high ground rents and other expenses would make their participation unrewarding. But U.S. industry has seized upon the New York Fair as a rare marketing opportunity.

In the Transportation Area, General Motors and the Ford Motor Company, two of the fair's larger exhibitors, have squared off against each other. Manned by combat teams of admen and public relations experts, their pavilions will spearhead high-pressure, national sales campaigns.

Economy considerations have virtually been abandoned in these go-for-broke presentations. General Motors is sinking \$38 million into its pavilion. Across the way, "to go out and beat General Motors," Ford has employed Walt Disney; the Disney-designed ride through automotive past, present and future, however, is geared so "visitors come out thinking more 'Ford' than 'Disney'."

The 89 million visitors passing through the \$2 admission gates during 1964-65 will comprise a large segment of the world's single most important consumer market — the solid, well-heeled American middle

class. This marketing potential has been the major theme of fair promotions aimed at business circles.

Advertising Age reports that in the summer and fall of 1962, "four waves of full-page newspaper ads appeared, spaced two or three weeks apart, in twenty-six different countries. Keyed to exhibitors and visitors, the ads carried the same message in different languages: 'Magnificent spectacle . . . Significant marketplace!'"

The New York Fair, in the words of its promoters, "will be ten times bigger in money, in people coming, in exhibits, in everything, than Seattle's Fair." Such size, though, has created some unique problems.

Fair-goers spend just so much time on the fair grounds; to see each advertiser's exhibit would take days, if not weeks. Therefore, many manufacturers have developed a



Robert Moses

"television concept" of display: once the visitor enters a pavilion he becomes part of a captive audience, subjected to a program lasting from eight minutes to half an hour. He no longer controls his own rate of viewing. Once he commences a ride or tour, he is systematically fed an entertaining, and hopefully convincing, sales message.

The adman personality, with its predilection for the meaninglessly spectacular, permeates the fair. Life-sized dinosaurs will soon begin grazing in Sinclair Oil's "Dinoland" next to the Van Wyck Expressway. Near "Dinoland" is Kodak's "Magic Carpet Roof" which consists of a simulated lunar crater; this coyly designed setting will produce a flurry of Kodak product consumption as tourists snap shots of

one another standing on the moon's surface.

Ground rents, five times what they were in 1939 (\$200/sq. ft. compared to 1939's \$45/sq. ft.) have caused many other exhibitors to forgo promoting their institutional "image." Instead they will concentrate on actual product sales. Food merchandizers, such as Chung King, will operate food concessions featuring their particular line of products. Even the automotive pavilions will have "simulated" dealerships complete with showroom samples, literature, and possibly even salesmen. Foreign governments have cut overhead expenses by subleasing space to export companies seeking to expand their U.S. contacts.

One or two private pavilions are strictly speculative endeavors. Their builders hope to show handsome profits by leasing cubicles of space to smaller exhibitors. Sensing the fair's commercialism was becoming unwieldy, one fair official exclaimed, "We have to crack down on this; it's beginning to look like a bazaar!"

To bolster its "public service image," the World's Fair Corporation has encouraged noncommercial religious and state representation in Flushing Meadow by granting free space to these groups. As a result, religious organizations will be well represented.

A World's Fair is an ideal place to introduce new products. In 1939, tubular chairs, nylon and television were the "products of tomorrow." Even a new trademark, Borden's Elsie the Cow, first mooed her way to fame at the 1939 event. Although little publicity has been given so far to 1964's "products of tomorrow," they may provide some of the few interesting highlights of an otherwise dull event.

Whatever their merits, technically educational exhibits rarely draw large crowds, and the fair-going millions will demand only to be entertained. The type of entertainment needed to keep the masses coming has been thoroughly arranged by the fair's personnel.

In a discussion over whether the fair should emphasize "good family entertainment" or "what Broadway calls 'human nature,'" the former, with Moses' support, carried the day.

The NATION

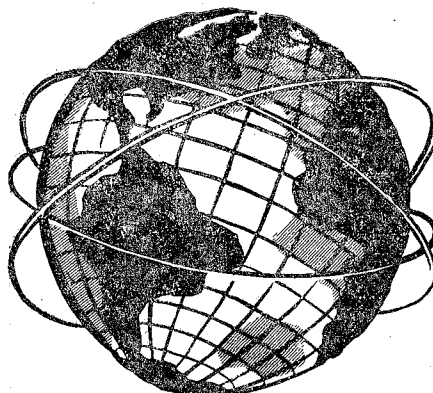
In many controversies, Moses has chosen to avoid the public spotlight and has relinquished the hot seat to the fair's vice president, Charles Poletti. It was Poletti who assured newsmen that the fair would have "plenty of amusement . . . but no belly dancers." When ribbed by a reporter to the effect that "some enterprising fellow might open a belly-dancing show right outside the fair," Poletti snorted: "We'll see what the Police Department will do about that."

The "good family entertainment" policy has also been the basis for deciding that "in order not to compete with Lincoln Center," fair programs would be "light" in nature. As things stand now, the 1964 Fair will test the public's capacity to enjoy, and financially support, the television-level, frivolous entertainment it supposedly prefers.

Not everything at the fair, not even all the "light" entertainment, is free. Once inside, the fair-goer will have the opportunity to buy everything from handwoven blankets to printing presses. Many exhibitors, such as Hawaii and Indonesia, will offer native dishes at strictly New York prices. A ride in a Swiss cable car will cost 50c, and Ringling Brothers will put on big tent shows — at regular prices. Simmons Beautyrest Center will rent cubicles complete with bedding to weary sightseers on an hourly basis; even Greyhound has joined the money scramble by selling tours of the fair grounds.

The advertising displays, however, will be free, and in the event that they become boring, the fair-goer can always visit some of the state exhibits. Of the latter, Florida will offer an aquarium show replete with leaping dolphins and fishholding sailors, and Maryland will be re-enacting the Battle of Fort McHenry, birthplace of the *Star-Spangled Banner*.

The fair's promotional campaign literally bubbles over with festive hoopla. In films, the commentator underlines the theme of "Peace through Understanding." The scenes that follow show: celebrities arriving at the fair grounds via boat and being greeted by a dockful of swaying, flower-bedecked hula girls; Joe Louis smiling and sharing the camera with a demure Miss Rheingold; and the UN chorus singing a



few bars of a foreign melody. The connection between all this and either "peace" or "understanding" is left undeveloped.

To produce films such as these and to generally stimulate interest in the fair, \$6 million had originally been allocated for advertising. Since that time, however, tie-in advertising (e.g., exhibitors filming commercials in the fair grounds, featuring their exhibits in magazine ads, etc.) has mushroomed, and it now appears that a full \$6-million expenditure will not be necessary.

Fair organizers are attempting to stimulate \$300 million worth of these tie-in promotions, thereby insuring themselves enormous free "rub-off" publicity. Individual exhibitors have been more than willing to cooperate; unless crowds are kept streaming into Flushing Meadow, their displays will not achieve maximum exposure. Ads featuring an exhibit also increase the number of tourists who will visit that exhibit during the limited time they are on the fair grounds.

Nevertheless, *Advertising Age* reports that for the New York area "a campaign referred to as the 'instant plan' [has been] designed to shotgun TV, radio and newspaper ads at times when program changes, weather and other conditions [make] extra 'hypos' [necessary] to bring out the people."

In a much more direct fashion than the price-inflating, tax-deductible monuments of industry, New York City's fair expenses fall on the public purse. New York City will use its revamped 1939 building to display a scale model of the metropolitan area. Later, this will be converted into a planning board for urban redevelopment.

By diverting funds from an incinerator project, the host city also made \$3.5 million available to the

Port Authority so it could construct a permanent "Hall of Science." More funds are now needed, however, since industry has failed to supply the museum with noncommercial scientific displays.

Meanwhile, opposition to the permanent museum has appeared. *The New York Times* reports, "A number of academic, scientific and philanthropic figures fear that if the 'wrong' kind of project gets under way, the chance to build a great museum will be lost forever." Continuing, *The Times* listed three major objections: (1) the museum might be industry-oriented, as are many of the World's Fair exhibits; (2) the project might become mired in the political tugs of war; and (3) the Flushing Meadow location would discourage visitors.

Supposedly, when City Council president, Paul R. Screvane, sought financial aid from a large philanthropic organization to help pay for the science exhibits, the foundation studied the museum proposal and turned down the request on grounds that it was "weak." An undaunted Port Authority, nevertheless, continues building its permanent "Hall of Science" which, even now, is so far behind schedule that it won't be finished until the summer of 1964.

A World's Fair is, of course, international and during 1964-65, sixty-five of the world's 110 nations will be represented in Flushing Meadow. But of these, hardly half a dozen will be major world powers — India, Indonesia, Japan, Mexico, Egypt and Pakistan.

Two of these, India and Pakistan, receive almost half of all U.S. foreign aid extended to the seventeen countries comprising the Near East and South Asia. Two of the other four, Japan and Mexico, have strong trade ties with the United States.

Many of the world's newer and smaller countries are hoisting their flags in the 1964 Fair. Anxious to gain world attention, recognition and status, little-known nations such as Mali and Sierra Leone have managed to finance fair exhibits.

Initially, nearly all the Americas committed themselves to fair participation. But during the past few months Brazil, Chile and Argentina have voided their agreements. Poletti again made the papers when he asserted these and other governments had "conked out."

"Every time you meet a Latin

American," *The New York Times* quoted Poletti as saying, "it seems, he's always criticizing the United States. They claim 'You Americans don't make any effort to find out about Latin America.' Well, my retort is, 'One way you can find out about Latin America is for some of those Latin American countries to have pavilions here.'"

Chile's Consul General called Poletti's statement "bitter," "not constructive" and in "bad taste." He pointed out that for the last three years Chile had been recovering from an earthquake that had virtually destroyed almost half the nation.

The Soviet Union's cancellation of its planned fair exhibit underscored the total absence of displays from behind the iron, bamboo or sugar curtains. Why Russia withdrew is open to speculation. Initially she was not deterred by the high

ground rents nor by B.I.E.'s opposition to the event. In a radio interview, Poletti explained the Soviets felt the U.S. request for permission to erect U.S. expositions in Leningrad and Moscow, while Russia exhibited in New York, was unfair. According to Poletti, the Russians claimed such an arrangement would not be "really reciprocal" since Russia would have only one of seventy exhibits in New York but the U.S. would have exclusive expositions in Leningrad and Moscow.

When rumors began circulating that the fair would not be completed in time, Moses petulantly reminded newsmen that "Critics don't build anything and never have built anything," and then went on to insist a completed fair would open on schedule in April, 1964.

Later, with the "Hall of Science" weeks behind schedule and the Fed-

eral Pavilion still "just a hole in the ground," Moses qualified his "completed fair" to mean "at least there won't be lumber and building materials lying all over the place." Recently, further delays were threatened when the teamsters staged a wildcat walkout.

In late 1965, when the fair is over and all temporary structures have been removed, Flushing Meadow Park will remain. The Unisphere, pool and fountain systems, Hall of Science, amphitheatre and heliport will still decorate it. The \$125-million highway system will continue bringing visitors to the park and its permanent science museum.

Robert Moses or his successor will then have to tap the public pocketbook for another \$11 million to clean up the mess and make Flushing Meadow into "a really first-class metropolitan park."

The Peace Movement

A PROGRAM FOR THE FUTURE.. Charles Bolton

There is considerable questioning within the American peace movement about where the movement goes from here. Will completion of the test-ban treaty produce a loss of interest or will it, by increasing the respectability and believability of peace activities, help the movement grow? Will the relaxing in world tensions be paralleled by a relaxing of work on peace issues? Quite understandably, many members of the peace movement are shifting their attention to civil rights, which currently is more glamorous and exciting. Will they return? And of course there are questions about what issues the peace movement should concentrate on next.

Actually, most of the peace movement's projected "next steps" seem wishful thinking. It is a delusion even to think of the test-ban treaty as a step in the direction of the objectives of the peace movement. Properly, everyone welcomes the

treaty as a symbolic event in the changing relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, but it is symbolic and not causal. True, it is an achievement in that it ends atmospheric pollution, but it can be argued plausibly that the treaty is a defeat for the contemporary peace movement: the treaty achieves no inspection precedent, no establishment of an international authority, no real guarantees against diffusion of nuclear weapons (indeed, the U.S. is proposing diffusion through NATO). The Administration prostrated itself with pledges of vigorous underground testing and pursuit of the arms race, in fact justified the treaty on military grounds (all to pick up a few votes not necessary to the two-thirds majority required in the Senate). The pledges on underground testing make it virtually impossible for the Administration to pursue an inspected ban on underground testing that the Russians could accept. And, as Leo Szilard has pointed out, an extensive American testing program would likely seriously hurt the cause of peace since the economically weaker Soviet Union, un-

able to compete in the extremely expensive underground testing, would in the long run be forced to abrogate the treaty. But the peace movement has been swept along in the international euphoria (that will burst with the first crisis). It was tactically necessary that the movement support the test-ban treaty — but it need not have been so uncritical.

Meanwhile, the Department of Defense has been smoothly ushering through Congress a shelter incentive program that may do far more damage to the cause of peace than the test-ban treaty will ever do good. As Rep. Carl Vinson put it, "The military is demanding and requesting and advocating" a shelter program that starts with a mild \$175-million incentive plan to get community service institutions to build 10 million shelter spaces in the next year. But, once the foot is in the door, the plan calls for expansion to 100 million spaces by the end of 1966, and already there is talk of 240 million spaces to give protection both day and night. The civil-defense bill passed the House

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September 17 (after numerous tries to get a quorum on a day when at least ninety Congressmen were apparently playing hookey). The peace movement, which had gotten its greatest impetus from the shelter debate in 1961, offered almost no resistance. Yet the shelter plan is one of the most insidious devices yet to insure the perpetuation of the arms race. It seeks to involve local communities in the most direct and personal way by getting schools and similar institutions to partially finance and provide space for the shelters. *It will involve a whole new sector of the economy in the arms race.* And by tying the shelter program to counterforce strategy—a major pitch in the House—the military can be assured of once again intensifying the tensions of that race.

Thus there is little evidence that the peace movement has a coherent sense of where it is going, adequate sensitivity to behind-the-scenes maneuvering (the mass media provided the military with an excellent blackout on the civil-defense gambit), any sense of tactics, or any system of integrated action that can hope to compete with the military-industrial combine on something the latter really wants.

However, it would be an error to see the present problems of the peace movement just in terms of reactions to recent national and international events. The movement had already reached a peak and leveled out by the summer of 1962 after its big surge in 1961 and early 1962. This plateau lasted until the Cuban missile crisis, which immobilized large segments of the peace movement. Many publications fell weeks behind their normal publication schedules. Hughes's crushing defeat in Massachusetts sapped political enthusiasms. Many community groups, including chapters of national organizations, have not met since the Cuban crisis. So far as I can tell, these conditions did not connote defection so much as genuine paralysis. Virtually without exception, the national organizations had recovered by the spring of 1963.

The fate of the movement at the grass roots remains unclear, however. The student wing seems to have largely melted away. The amazing spontaneity which carried

Women Strike for Peace so long has flickered, and the women have had to resort to organization in order to survive, a course stoutly resisted in better days. A recent survey of community peace groups indicates that somewhat more groups are declining or have recently become defunct than are growing. But this finding must be treated charily because even at peak periods national leaders believed the average life of local community groups was only nine months.

Any proposals for the future course of the peace movement must take into account the character of the peace movement itself. But it is striking that in a series of statements by eleven top leaders of peace organizations on "where peace groups go after the test-ban treaty" (September *War/Peace Report*), not one mentioned the need for any changes or new directions.

The American peace movement today is both quantitatively and qualitatively different from earlier peace movements. For one thing, its



ability to command the attention it has does not derive from any mass nature. At its peak the new peace movement is estimated to have had, in its organized groups, only about 85,000 members when overlap is eliminated. This number is paltry in contrast to the estimate of 12 million members for the peace movement in the 1930s—no doubt an inflated estimate, but still indicative of far greater mass participation than in the 1960s.

It is clear that the peace movement's influence has derived from the academic and scientific prestige of certain of its members—and of course the acuity their backgrounds enable them to bring to their writings on the problems of war and peace.

However, a number of problems arise from the role played by scientists and academicians. Scientists and academicians have not, in general, seriously involved themselves in the "movement" aspects of peace activities. Though they have some-

times lent their names to national boards of sponsors (and often their wives have been the core of community chapters), usually they have not occupied roles of leadership within the movement or given much attention to the problems of organization. Where scientists and academicians have been active organizationally, most often they have formed their own organizations, of which there are now quite a number, e.g., Scientists on Survival, the Council for a Livable World and the Council for Correspondence. While such proliferation has perhaps helped recruit intellectuals, it has also contributed to the fragmentation of the peace movement.

The separation of the organizational and academic-scientific wings is also reflected in the failure of peace activities to maintain the momentum of a genuine social movement. A social movement typically has not only an ideology for intellectuals but a set of myths, shibboleths and emotionalized symbols of mass appeal; not only functionaries but agitators; not only organized groups but collective excitement, *esprit de corps* and morale; and not only reactions to crises but some image of a different future society which, together with the objects of hate, provides the driving power that gives momentum to the movement. The so-called peace movement never had a full complement of these characteristics, but in recent months there has been a noticeable drying up of the qualities which marked it as at least an incipient social movement. While there are a variety of reasons for the failure of the peace movement to achieve the full stature of a social movement, the assumption of *de facto* leadership in 1961-62 by an intellectual elite indifferent to, and indeed suspicious of, the "movement" aspects of the problem played a not insignificant role.

In part the role played by the intellectuals in the loss of social-movement momentum was a reflection of the fact that most feel more effective in contacts with government officials than in the arena of mass political appeal. Hence interest has focused on foreign-policy strategy rather than on political action with the public.

I make these remarks about the role of academicians and scientists

as description, not criticism. There is no sound reason to believe that a large mass movement for non-nuclear alternatives could have been generated in the existing climate by *any* kind of leadership. Such a movement, if attempted, would probably have had far less influence on foreign policy and the national dialogue than even the very modest influence the peace movement has exerted. I am simply concerned to point out characteristics of the present movement which must be taken into account in projecting future directions.

These characteristics limit the possible directions of the peace movement and make others likely. For example, the peace movement cannot hope to be a major grassroots political force in the foreseeable future. Even the frequently heard talk of alliance with the civil-rights movement on the basis of a common belief in nonviolence is largely illusory. Though a few Negro leaders have given nominal support to the peace movement, there is little evidence that the bulk of Negro voters have even as much interest in peace issues as comparable segments of the white population. The struggle for equality is destined to be a long one, and the full talents of Negro leadership will be required on the civil-rights front for many years to prevent the movement from shattering into embittered violence. The peace movement can join the civil-rights movement only by subordinating itself to the more intensely emotional struggle of the Negroes.

Even the supposed link of nonviolence is based on misunderstandings that would not stand the test of close cooperation. Many white liberals, including all too many in the peace movement, admire the nonviolent resistance tactics of the Negroes because they are nonviolent rather than because they work. But

notwithstanding a few like Martin Luther King for whom nonviolence is a moral imperative, for most Negroes nonviolent resistance will increasingly be recognized as a social technique more than a moral stance.

Of course almost all members of the peace movement identify with the Negroes' revolution; and the decision as to how to allocate one's resources between the two movements is a hard one. I would hope that in time, after a realignment of American political parties, Negro voters would be attracted to a radically liberal party. But their needs are too pressing for Negroes, in any numbers, to be in on the earlier stages of such a realignment, when a temporary loss of political power must be expected.

Where, then, does this truncated peace movement go? In recent months the most effective line of attack has been on the economic front. The energy of Seymour Melman in carrying to Congress the message of overkill and a possible \$22 billion cut in the defense budget has been most awesome. The questions raised by *A Strategy for American Security*, edited by Melman, have gotten through to a number of members of Congress. Unfortunately, Professor Melman's rather superficial treatment of overkill capacity permits the Department of Defense to undermine the effectiveness of his argument, but seeds of doubt have been placed in Congressional minds that previously were utterly chaste in matters of doubting the norms of military logic.

Melman's pamphlet is also receiving an interested hearing in some business circles. One of the most promising new approaches for the peace movement seems to be in locating those industries which do not profit from the arms race and making them aware that their taxes are financing others' profits. Once large sectors of the economy recognize that the arms race is not necessarily good business, new ways will open for a reassessment of the whole cold-war mentality. Melman and others are showing effectively that the military spending which earlier may have propped up the economy is now at least a partially negative factor through its creation of geographical imbalances in the economy, draining of scientific talent from consumer industries, slow-

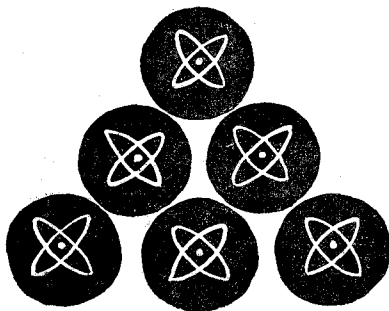
ing of investment for consumer industries, and distortion of income distribution through channeling of tax money, not to the poorer segments of the economy, but to the highly paid technical segment.

Politically, there seems little alternative for the peace movement but to recognize that its only *short-run* hope lies with the Kennedy Administration. However, one of the great difficulties in plotting a future course for the peace movement is the ambiguity about the intentions of the Kennedy Administration. Even the test-ban treaty may be interpreted — on the Administration's own testimony — primarily as a means for perpetuating American nuclear advantage in the arms race.

Though the peace movement cannot significantly affect the Presidential race, it could begin to play a role at the Congressional level in the needed reorganization of politics, particularly in the South (where a concomitant Goldwater candidacy could help shatter the hold of the conservatives on the Democratic Party). The peace movement could make a difference in a few selected areas if it worked out a coordinated plan with other liberal groups.

However, influencing elections alone is not enough, for in most states the kind of liberal front suggested would be strong only in those areas already represented by liberal Democrats. A more sophisticated approach is needed. It is a more crucial matter (1) to bring about reforms in the organization of Congress — specifically to end the filibuster and to change the way the committee system functions to bottle up progressive legislation, and (2) to hasten redistricting of Congressional districts and reduce the number that render real election contests impossible. Until peace groups understand that changes such as these are prerequisites to political effectiveness for their ideas, it will not profit much to fill peace journals with grand foreign-policy strategies. The peace movement should at least educate its own members on these matters.

Some recent developments in the peace movement may symptomize a new kind of movement: the gradual expanding of its range of concerns to include such



problems as the effects of automation, the economic implications of coexistence, problems of development assistance, the population explosion, the development of international institutions and the identity of man in the world of leisure and cybernation created by the scientific revolution. This expanding range of interests may symbolize a readiness to take the critical ideological step of promulgating the image of a new kind of social world.

I cannot agree with those who, like the spokesmen of Turn Toward Peace, argue that we do not need a social movement, that the route to disarmament is through appeal to the best in the American tradition represented in existing institutions. It simply won't work any more to trot out the stale phrases about the UN, foreign aid and cultural-exchange programs. What the peace movement seeks is extremely revolutionary, not in a violent sense, but in the sense of calling for radical changes in the geometry of thought which has dominated Western thinking about national power for hundreds of years. Only in the unrest and questioning and collective excitement of a social movement is the hold of old norms and expectations released and a readiness for new ideas brought about. At least this is the only way such changes come rapidly. If some fear, such as being suspected of communism by Ultras, bars the peace movement from even challenging old ideas, there is no hope in that movement.

A recent book by Walter Millis and James Real, *The Abolition of War*, seems to represent the penultimate step before evolving an image of a new kind of world. Millis and Real argue that human societies have reached a point in the evolution of power structures where international war is actually obsolete, but that the war system persists because men cling to the myths about power relations which have developed over the hundreds of years when war had some social value. They take the position that what is needed to revise the concepts which the war system is

not a "movement" of some kind, but hard thought leading positively toward the construction of the new world order. What is needed is intellectual labor on the part of those who have developed and supported

the means by which man may obliterate himself.

Sadly, there is little precedent for hope that the creators of a system will think their way through to its voluntary abolition. Millis and Real themselves point out that a whole generation of young scientists has known nothing but work within the weapons system and the rationalizing of the expansion of that work. Moreover, as Nathan Glazer has recently pointed out, one of the characteristics of the giant, computerized organization, such as the Department of Defense, is that it has learned to incorporate its critics and thereby blunt their influence by preparing highly sophisticated answers before the criticisms can spread.

Thus it appears that, if the myth system which supports war is to be altered, there will have to be centers of independent thought and, indeed, "movements" which can challenge the institutional organizations which feed upon the arms race. The academic-scientific wing of the peace movement is the logical independent center from which may issue the critiques of old myths and the images of the new world order.

But it would be an error to think that this task can just be left to the spontaneous work of scattered, concerned individuals. True, this has been the path general social movements have followed in the past, but they have tended to take up to 100 years to bear fruit. It would be madness to think we can wait so long for disarmament. Just as every other social form must change to survive under contemporary technological and organizational conditions, so the nature of social movements must change. Uncoordinated pace setters, working on the problem only in their spare time, cannot be expected to carry the day against the skilled efforts of the giant organizations, with the mass media eagerly at their service. There are now a handful of centers where intellectuals may work full time, with financial support, on developing an imagery appropriate to the emerging world—the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the Peace Research Institute, etc. These few are by no means enough. There must be a larger base for the support of independent thought and research and, equally



important, for the dissemination of the products of this work.

The minimum first step toward such a program is a far greater integration of organized effort than the peace movement has yet shown. But the extreme fragmentation that exists, especially at the national level, is shockingly wasteful in a movement pitifully short of resources. At some point the many separate national and regional organizations will have to face up to the question of whether their individual survival as miniature bureaucracies is more important than the survival of the movement. If the division could be reduced to a small number of coordinated national organizations (combined with the Turn Toward Peace concept of trained, full-time, paid workers at the community level), a much more substantial financial base could be constructed. At present no one can have sufficient confidence in the effectiveness of any one organization to warrant risking more than a few dollars in annual dues. If there were evidence of an integrated movement whose funds would be used with maximum effectiveness, it would then prove possible to employ on a large scale Leo Szilard's plan of getting members to pledge 1 per cent or 2 per cent of their annual incomes. Considering the income level of people attracted to the peace movement, if even 50,000 families would pledge 1 per cent of their annual incomes, the movement would have about \$4 million a year. With such a financial base, peace organizations could begin to compete with the RAND Corporation scale of operations and could develop more access to mass-media outlets.

But these things will not transpire until members of the peace movement can divert their thoughts for a while from questions of foreign-policy strategy and focus on the problems of their own movement as a movement.

The Hollow Man

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS. By Jean Genet. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre. Grove Press. 318 pp. \$6.50.

Ihab Hassan

Genet's life, his work, his dream—they all define an outer limit of our age, this age almost inured to outrage. The life is becoming familiar: Genet the foundling, the delinquent, the sodomist, the thief, the recidivist; condemned to prison in perpetuity, pardoned finally through the concerted efforts of France's most influential writers. Here is what he says about it: "After the foul monstrosity of my arrest, of my various arrests, each of which is always the first, which appeared to me in all its irremediable aspects in an inner vision of blazing and fatal speed and brilliance the moment my hands were imprisoned in the steel handcuffs, gleaming as a jewel or a theorem, the prison cell, which now I love as one loves a vice, consoled me, by its being, for my own being."

Is *Our Lady of the Flowers* a life or a literary work, or yet a dream? It is certainly a Story, the desperate and poetic legend of a man seeking divinity, or of a god corrupted by his mortality. It is the record of a ritual search for Being, from the depths of human solitude. What has Genet given us in this record? Let us begin concretely. It is a book written on the brown paper of prisons, destroyed by a turnkey, rewritten in prison, banned, revised and finally published in America, "unexpurgated"—by Grove, of course. Here, too, is Sartre's introduction, taken from his book, *Saint Genet* (Braziller), an introduction as brilliant as it is occasionally pompous. It is the Story, in Sartre's blunt words, of a man, "incapable of carving out a place in the universe for himself," who "imagines in order to convince himself that he has created the world which excludes him."

But how can we continue to speak concretely where onanism and autism hold undisputed sway? Locked in his

Ihab Hassan is the author of *Radical Innocence: The Contemporary American Novel*. (Princeton University Press).

own shame, in his self-hate really, Genet dreams a world in which every character is fated, every event a black ceremony. Of that dream Genet is the creator, and this is the measure of his freedom. Everything—the past, the future, the hollow present—is summoned to satisfy his erotic craving for being, that monstrous sense of godhead which he can experience only while the swollen flesh of another violates him. Outrage begets infinite delicacies. But the dream recedes; Genet is back, wrapped in the despised flesh and his own nullity; until his imagination, regaining tumescence, starts a new ritual. "It's the Again that has clutched me by the throat," he rasps. Such is the pattern of the book, written, we must remember, while Europe was tearing itself to shreds and men were dying by the millions. Only the story, only the ritual, matters.

We are always in that infamous and solitary cell with him. The pictures of pimps and murderers are pasted on the wall. They all bear the sacred sign of the monster; they are all, for Genet, shadowings of the Eternal. Genet sallies forth as Cula-froy, phantom of a lost childhood; as Divine, the arch queen, disporting himself (herself?) with Darling the strutting pimp, with Gorgui the buck Negro shot down in a Cayenne jailbreak, with *Our Lady of the Flowers*, the adolescent killer. The story hovers, outside of Time, not in Space. "In reviewing my life, in tracing its course, I fill my cell with the pleasure of being what for want of a trifle I failed to be, recapturing, so that I may hurl myself into them as into dark pits, those moments when I strayed through the trap-ridden compartments of a subterranean sky." In those compartments, Divine dehumanizes herself for that is the secret of her name.

Cocteau

Learning of the death of Edith Piaf seven hours before his own, Jean Cocteau murmured "The boat is going down." The "boat" was neither her life nor his—this dramatist of Death did not know he was dying—it was the "boat" of an era, the "boat" which sailed elegantly and magically on the painted sea of that fabulous French epoch, Between the Two Wars.

I was a youth drawn to the Mystery of Paris in 1921. During the years when I studied and lived there, and on all the subsequent occasions of my perpetual return, Cocteau remained its emblematic Presence. He shone on the breast of Paris like a gem of strange consistency and ever-changing color. Poet, *causeur*, critic, novelist, playwright, designer, film director, impresario, actor, artist, opium eater, heretic, Catholic and Academician, he was always in the vanguard—a vanguard that had not forsaken the past. He wanted to lead or invent every new game and to refashion all the old ones. He was a dandy and a teacher; Harlequin among the sages, a Character for the ages.

There was a winged intelligence

in everything he did and said. He appreciated Picasso, Stravinsky, Diaghilev from the first. He hailed the advent of the post Debussy-Ravel composers: Milhaud, Poulenc, Honegger, Auric. He brought the boy genius, Raymond Radiguet, to the world's attention. He celebrated Josephine Baker. He sought (and won) freedom from life imprisonment for Jean Genet. He was everywhere by the side of original talent and fixed its image in the public consciousness by the point of his epigrams.

His large jet black eyes radiated a constant sense of surprised glee at the pleasures of existence, joy of the senses, smiling ecstasies of the mind. I saw him take a curtain call on the opening night of his play *Orphée* in 1926. His trim figure flashed toward the footlights as if he were going to fly over the heads of the audience. He wore a huge rose in his lapel. He struck me as a French eighteenth-century sprite in the guise of a twentieth-century intellectual sport embodying the Spirit of Perennial Awareness. From that moment Cocteau and *Tout Paris* coalesced into a single image for me.

HAROLD CLURMAN

"Slowly but surely I want to strip her of every vestige of happiness so as to make a saint of her. The fire that is searing her has already burned away heavy bonds, new ones are shackling her: Love. A morality is being born. . . ." The morality of buggery is not enough; Divine murders a child. This is the inexpiable crime; is it done out of Love? Here is Genet again: "the importance of any event in our life lies only in the resonance it sets up within us, only in the degree to which it makes us move toward ascetism." The murderer and the artist are of one imagination compact: they both set themselves up as god. And godhead is attained by ascetism, by the ritual annihilation of man. This is the terrifying logic of the Story, a story born of Poetry—"Poetry is willful"—and opposed implacably to Nature. Yes, hateful Nature, "anti-poetic, ogress swallowing up all spirituality."

We see Genet clearly at last, and recognize the disease and magnificent pride of his spirituality. And seeing him, we resist the spell he casts, though, sometimes, the sentences are woven like lace and the images exquisitely haunt the mind. Why then do we resist him? It is not because his tale is repetitious, contradictory and filled with stereotypes; not because it meanders and trails, seeking to please no one but its author with the opaque coquetry of fantasy. Such objections may be held by critics who even today believe that literature, having no mission but to reveal its "organic form," can have no interest in creative disorder. Nor do we resist Genet's spell

because he defies our sexual proprieties. Obscene he is not, except as the naked wish of man may be considered obscene. We resist him, quite to the contrary, because he is a gaping void, because he spurns the life of man in history and nature. "My life?" Divine asks, "I'm desolate, I'm a Valley of Desolation." She is, in the fag-gish idiom of the book, the Quite-Hollow. Only the imagination can begin to fill such desolation, only God can end by filling it.

The poetry of Jean Genet is a poetry of *ascesis*, of absence and renunciation. It is in the tradition of Mallarmé, rather than of such shamans as Lautréamont and Rimbaud. There is nothing Dionysian in it, nothing that celebrates the mystic body of man. Our Lady of the Flowers herself, who stars so shyly, so elusively in this book which bears her name, is finally an idea of eternity. The poetry of Genet is a brilliant act of reduction, an essential act of mimesis. It is a lonely ceremony conducted in the dark, excluding all other ceremonies. It compels us to become witnesses insofar as it is transubstantiated in the words we read on the page: in language, we become Genet's accomplices and the sharers of his murderous dream. The miracle is that, despite himself, Genet has retained, between his prison walls, some love for the men he hates. These men are ourselves. To us he offers images playing insanely on a mirror, images of our hidden fate. Behind these images, as Sartre put it, is "the maniacal will . . . to regard the Nay as the symbol of the Yea and the Nought as the symbol of the All."

emotional and moral—which impel us to resist the worst. Perhaps this is one reason why the turbulent years of the past four decades have been so unproductive of significant autobiography. Simply to have survived them often seems achievement enough.

Ella Winter has lived a truly extraordinary life. Yet between it and her autobiography the literary gap remains unfilled. Instead of an act of imaginative reconstruction, the reader of *And Not To Yield* is given a sea of names—glorious, sure-fire names, each guaranteed to evoke a fixed response, but whose relentless and indiscriminating evocation somehow obscures the very history it is intended to illuminate. Anyone scanning the very detailed index of this book would have reason to anticipate an absorbing chronicle of the great political and literary figures of our century, for Miss Winter has lived a good deal of her life at a crossroads where these figures met. Yet they remain—without exception, I think—historical shadows. What is most astonishing is that Miss Winter herself remains the most elusive of these shadows.

One knew that Miss Winter had had an adventurous career as a radical journalist in the thirties, and that, both in her own right and as the wife

Skimming a Life

AND NOT TO YIELD: An Autobiography. By Ella Winter. Harcourt, Brace & World. 308 pp. \$5.95.

Hilton Kramer

Between an interesting life and a significant account of it there exists a gap that can be filled only by literature. Sheer information, no matter how breathlessly rendered or impressive in itself, will not suffice. Whereas the historian may content himself with weaving a tapestry of objective occasions,

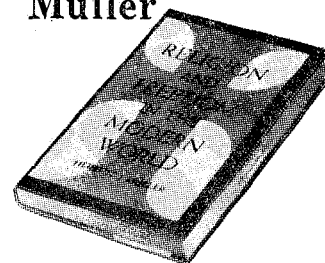
the biographer needs to penetrate the subjective realm of motive and emotion, carefully joining equations between external events and the secret life of feeling and making them add up to a whole that is larger than the sum of its visible parts.

For the autobiographer, this obligation to be at once detached and empathetic is doubly difficult—and doubly necessary. Even more difficult, perhaps, is the act of imagination that is required for taking literary possession of one's own personal history. The writer who sets out to render his own experience in the historical mode writes, these days especially, in the face of all those pressures—political,

Hilton Kramer was the editor of Arts Magazine from 1956 to 1961. He is now at work on a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be published by Doubleday-Ancor.

November 2, 1963

Herbert J. Muller



RELIGION AND FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD

Does religion promote or impair the cause of freedom? In seeking to answer this question, the author of *The Uses of the Past* traces the social effects of organized Christianity during the last 150 years. His conclusions shed new light on a subject that has recently been the center of rankling controversy in this country. \$3.95

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of Lincoln Steffens, she was well placed to give us a vivid picture of that period. One knew that in the interim she had become an important collector of modern art—this writer had the good fortune to be passing through Amsterdam in January, 1962, while the Stedelijk Museum was exhibiting her collection—and one therefore hoped that her memoirs might illuminate the peculiar, and in some ways unexpected, development that took place in the late thirties among a number of radical intellectuals who, as their radical hopes waned, became more seriously committed to modernist aesthetics. In addition, Miss Winter had, through her marriage (after Steffens' death) to Donald Ogden Stewart, lived a good deal in Hollywood, and had later gone into a kind of exile with Stewart, to London, at a time when the McCarthyite witch hunt required Hollywood screenwriters to "name names" or be denied work in the movie industry.

As it turns out, Miss Winter's life has been more varied and interesting than even the foregoing would have led one to suppose. Born in Australia of German-Jewish parents, brought to London at an early age and educated at the London School of Economics, where Harold Laski was her tutor, her first job was working for Felix Frankfurter who, on leave from the Harvard Law School, came to London during the First World War as Chairman of the War Labor Policies Board. Thereafter Miss Winter moved in the big world. When the war ended, she worked for Frankfurter again, as part of the Zionist Commission, at the Paris Peace Conference. It was there that she met, among many others, Chaim Weizmann, William C. Bullitt, Lewis Strauss—and Lincoln Steffens. Then back to London, where she worked briefly at the American Embassy. (The names sprinkled over this short interlude are Lewis Mumford, Felix Morley and Beardsley Rumml.) Then to Vienna, where Miss Winter worked for the Quakers, met Freud, and "visited often" with Karl Kraus, the great Austrian satirist. Back in London again, in 1922, she was offered a job working with the Webbs (which she refused), worked instead as a translator, met Havelock Ellis, and then went to Cambridge on a scholarship to study industrial psychology. Then Steffens came back into her life, and took her to Paris.

At this point in her autobiography, Miss Winter treats us to the Paris of Gertrude Stein and Sylvia Beach, of "Hem" and Ezra Pound and the editors of the *Little Review*. When she and Steffens marry, the guests at their wedding breakfast are Bullitt, Jo Davidson and James Joyce.

From Paris to Italy, from Italy to New York, and then on to California. Wave upon wave of names, names, names, engulfs the reader until his curiosity is, at last, numb to anyone he has ever heard of before. Poets, movie stars, union organizers, political figures, all pass in breathless review, but none, whether Robinson Jeffers or Katharine Hepburn or Harry Bridges or Franklin Roosevelt or Bert Brecht, is ever rendered in anything but the sketchiest caricature, and each must give way as the next wave breaks.

All in all, the brevity and breathlessness and girlish high spirits with which *And Not To Yield* is written make it, finally, dismaying and dispiriting. For a moment, during her account of the depression labor struggles in California, which she reported on, and often participated in herself, Miss Winter seems to recapture an old vein of seriousness. But it is only for a moment. Even in her accounts of the Soviet Union, about which she has written two earlier volumes of reportage, Miss Winter is incredibly coy. What one assumes must have been very painful political questions at a time when she appeared before the public, in print and on the lecture platform, as an authority on Russia—the Nazi-Soviet pact, the Stalin terror and their ramifications among left-wing alignments in this country—are glossed over the way people now speak of their childhood diseases: questions which the scientific wonders of a later age have rendered obsolete. The reality of events, like the reality of people, simply dissolves under so light-hearted a style.

One scene from this book, scarcely a paragraph, stays in the mind after a good many more glamorous evocations are forgotten. In the later years of the Second World War, Miss Winter went to the Soviet Union as a correspondent. She had already become a collector of modern paintings, but modernism was, of course, under an official ban. Yet she managed to locate the widow of the constructivist Lissitzky, and bought from her, "under the disapproving eyes of two young officials," an entire portfolio of his work. Lissitzky's art, in its abstract

purity and idealism, represented an extreme form of the revolutionary idealism that Stalin had succeeded in vanquishing in the purges and terrors of the thirties. Another writer might have paused to ponder so meaningful a transaction. To Ella Winter, it was only one of the many, many interesting things that have happened in her busy life.

ART

Max Kozloff

In 1926, Roger Fry, the British art critic and proselytizer for Cézanne in England, conducted a famous experiment. Placing his tracing of a Paul Klee line drawing next to a reproduction of the original, Fry nicely demonstrated that the "art" of Klee, even in something so elementary as a few pen marks, consisted of their scratchy, wiry testimony to the nervous pressure of the artist's hand—a fact clearly shown by Fry's own exact but lifeless copy. Quite recently, in 1963, a New York artist, Roy Lichtenstein, exhibited a canvas which magnifies a linear diagram of a Cézanne (see next page). Because he has changed merely the scale and context of his motif, rather than its linear quality, Lichtenstein performs a *volte-face* on the Fry incident, and subverts its meaning. Mechanical reproduction, so culpable for Fry, and overtly utilitarian for the author of the Cézanne diagram, Erle Loran, is—we are obliged to think—"artistic" for Lichtenstein. Behind the borrowing propensities of such new American painting as Lichtenstein's, and illustrated very well by this little event, lies a rejection of the deepest values of modern art. It is a phenomenon worth some study.

After the last six or seven years in New York, it is perhaps no great secret that we have been witnessing an attack upon the notion of originality in painting. When he spoke in 1957 of the *avant-garde* as being the last stand of creative handiwork against manufactured visual objects in American culture, Meyer Schapiro, like the rest of us, had no idea how quickly events were to prove him wrong. The mistake, in retrospect, was in thinking of the *avant-garde* as the single enduring heroic and humanistic fixture in a national artistic life dedicated to Philistinism. A younger generation than Pollock's and de Kooning's, fighting to give itself some

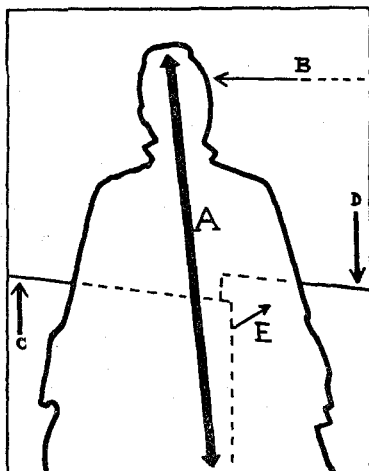
identity, was bound to come to certain opposite conclusions about the nature of the *avant-garde*. They implemented these conclusions by interjecting all kinds of reproducible, that is, non-unique, elements into the pictorial field: signs, stripes, maps, flags, rectangles, eventually advertisements. Psychologically, this was an attempt to release the ego from the burden of invention, and visually it turned out to be a rebuttal of painterly "open" contours, and optically unclear forms. Above all, however, there grew a cleavage between the motivating idea and its embodiment, the fusion of which had been the guiding premise of Abstract Expressionism.

There have been two important consequences. One is that the distinction between abstract and representational works is no longer relevant: it is quite as possible to put comic strips through their mechanistic paces, as it is concentric circles. In fact, as conventionalized icons they ultimately have about equivalent non-meanings. The other factor to bear in mind is that this phase in art opposes the straightforwardness of its predecessor with subterfuge. Until very recently, it was obvious that the apparently manufactured or reproduced images *were* hand-made, that the hand, in effect, was counterfeiting the machine. This is an assertion of the will by means of self-effacement; and of the whole development, one can say that the creative agency has taken an ironic coloring by placing itself deliberately *outside* the physical area of the presented work.

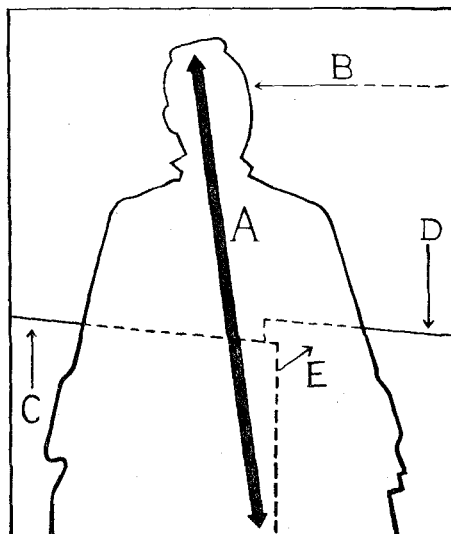
Doubtless, the basic aspect of the new art is that it is contextual as much as it is conceptual. For it is largely

by their new context, that is, the gallery, that one is surprised into accepting banal concepts as having any claim upon one's attention at all. Even when the encounter is with certain parallel effects in "abstraction," for which the gallery is not an unusual surrounding, these ironies have allowed a considerable withdrawal from a traditional concern with "formal relationships." (To see how irrelevant this has become, one need only examine the black paintings by Ad Reinhardt and Barnett Newman.)

But the "unoriginal" is in time compromised by irony. The polemical force of the reaction against the exalted egotism and individuality of the Abstract Expressionists cannot be maintained if there is a subversive heroism of sarcasm. Up to now there had perhaps been an equivocal content in the exploration of American *kitsch*: hatred of the image, alternating with a kind of uncertain pleasure in it. Observers were able to feel that they were witnesses to a satire on our mass-produced culture, and as if they too were party to the artist's castigation of the absurd subject. Moreover, the sheer, manual craftsmanly effort to disguise the hand in these works was purposely not successful, and the basic "sincerity" of their attack against the original was, if disliked in certain quarters, never seriously challenged. For any *avant-garde* to perpetuate itself, however, it must eschew rhetorical ambiguity, and keep its audience at bay. In terms of the present *avant-garde*, such aims have led not merely to diminishing the area between the automatically reproduced and the individual imagination—which at least



Left: Diagram of "Portrait of Madame Cézanne" from Cézanne's Composition by Erle Loran.



Right: Lichtenstein's canvas (the original is more than six feet high).

THE Provocative investigation of the American economy Managed Economy

By MICHAEL D. REAGAN

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still permitted illusionism—but to upholding the machine-made as art. The two are becoming synonymous.

And, finally, just as the attitude toward the motif became unqualified admiration, so irony dissolved in the manufacturing of canvases which once again repudiated the spectator's intellectual comradeship with the artist. There was, in short, a shift from mimetic art to the quasi-literal. The farthest reaching consequences of this move have been the refusals of artists to transform their materials, whether initially created by them or not; and of this whole situation the Lichtenstein painting is a cynical anagram.

Lichtenstein has already become notorious for his pedantic explorations of the world of "funnies" and the mail-order catalogue. In them, like a Marxist theorist, he demonstrated a logic of approach that has brought many of his less "advanced" colleagues into an almost party-line consciousness of their direction. The change in the work of Tom Wesselman, for instance, who went from

renditions of Matisse-like nudes surrounded by real-color food ads, to mere aggregations of the latter, is symptomatic of that direction. But Lichtenstein, in the present work, has gone further. In its very choice of "subject" his message exposes itself. It is no accident that Cézanne, the *monstre sacré* of modern art, the fountainhead of all its transformations, is the point at issue. But in addition to Cézanne himself, Mr. Loran, who in his nice American way is trying to explain what those transformations of reality are all about, is mocked. (Certainly those As, Bs, Cs and Ds no longer mean anything, and not merely because they now lack a key.) By making the most thoroughgoing of his borrowings, Lichtenstein has arrived at the "purest" distillation of his thought. One has no other choice but to read his finished product, not as performance, for there is none, but as *intention*, idea. Of course this problem had already been posed in twentieth-century art, and entertaining distinctions of *intention*, as between, say, the way Duchamp mustaches the *Mona Lisa*, and the way Dali does it, are possible. But Lichtenstein is saying here that art is *not* transformation—he copies rather than mustaches—and thus, in his chilly bad faith, is finally even anti-Dada.¹

Now I must admit that while outlining this sketchy background to the painting under discussion, a rather disconcerting question occurred to me. If, instead of an informed specialist, an interested layman stood before the picture, what would be the possibilities of communication? What could he "do" with the Lichtenstein, or make of it? The answer must wait until he bones up on Cézanne, Loran, Abstract Expressionism, the successive reactions against it and Lichtenstein's earlier work. It is a little bit like an episode in the Marx brothers' *A Day at the Races*, in which Groucho sells Harpo a tip sheet, for which it is necessary to buy another tip sheet, for which it is still necessary to have

another, etc. By the time there is any kind of decipherment, the aesthetic race (it was rather a short course) has been run.

Naturally, it can be objected with some reason that art is not meant for the interested layman. All works of art, and especially great ones, require for their appreciation a quantity of inside information. Even Cézanne, in his attitude toward Poussin and certain old masters, cannot be fully comprehended without historical expertise. But the point is that he survives one's lack of it beautifully, because, like Mondrian—or Rothko, for that matter—he offers the viewer an amplitude of extra-academic sensuous and emotional experience. The tendency of Pop art, unfortunately, is to grab the spectator by the collar whenever he tries to obey his natural instincts by looking at art as one human being confronting the work of another, and

The Fat Man

I call everyone
shrivelled. Dried apples
fit for cellars,
nothing more.
They have no folds,
no flesh to touch —
gangling reminders
of the grave.

Existence melts
in my mouth.
I relish, I taste
the sweet jams of life;
I gorge and worship
the place of love:
all kitchens everywhere.

Diet is sin:
an effort
to turn limbs
to razors that slice
a lover's hands.
Right angles
pierce my eye;
I love the arc,
soft ovals, the curve —
things molded
to be touched,
the soothers of sight.

I feel at least
ten souls
swimming in my flesh.
I feed them
with both hands.
Someday,
I will become
a mountain.
I eat the world.

Vern Rutsala

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to stuff him back into an airless envelope of contexts. Worse still, all that really counts any more are the contexts and intentions, not the execution and the results. I find it hard to get excited by Lichtenstein's appeal to my special knowledge; still less can I summon up interest for his insult to my general intelligence.

One last point that must be made concerns history again. The present *avant-garde* has subverted not only "action" painting, but also the ethic of most twentieth-century art, as formulated in its structural and expressive aspects by Cézanne. The particular path chosen by this *avant-garde* (it seems to be conscious of fewer and fewer alternatives) is to deny that art is a metamorphosis of experience, and to affirm that it is a copy of artifacts. Fanatical in the sense that Santayana defined the fanatic—as one who redoubles his efforts after losing sight of his original

purpose—an artist like Lichtenstein has violently broken through to the notion of painting as imitation.

Paradoxically, therefore, he joins forces with the swarms of pre-impressionist artists in the city who have never understood the lesson of modern art and who are sustained by the possibility that they may one day be recognized by those who have always held that art is a convincing reordering of raw appearances. This coalition of extreme Right and Left, of dullards and confidence men, reminds one of what Senator Fulbright thought certain utterances of Barry Goldwater and the Chinese Communists had in common: that they favor a policy of co-annihilation. Transferred back into the realm of art, the faculties menaced are the saner apprehensions of the possibilities and responsibilities of painting by artists who are aware of their tradition, but are neither slavishly bound nor opposed to it. I very much hope that they prevail.

are easier dealt with by saints than men?" Even at the beginning, as a note appended to the cast list, the author says: "The characters grouped together by twos, threes and sometimes fours may be played by the same actor—since in an age of general conscription it is not necessarily a question of merit or blame, or even a question of character, whether a man puts on this or that uniform or is on the side of the hangman or the victim." True, false or partly true and partly false, this proposition is vital to an understanding of the play.

If the play itself is something of a disappointment, windy in its rhetoric, loaded in its argument, so was the London production. Played uncut, it would run about eight hours. From this mass the translator Robert David MacDonald and the producer Clifford Williams carved out an acting version of about a third that length. (Piscator's original production in Berlin, which I have not seen, is also much cut—but differently shaped. In Berlin the emphasis has been placed squarely on the play's climax, the confrontation of the Pope, with the Nazi scenes apparently severely cut. So the London production, it seems, gives a better balanced picture of the original by retaining much that might be thought unpalatable to German audiences.)

HOCHHUTH'S 'REPRESENTATIVE'

Clive Barnes

London

Predictably, the production in London of Rolf Hochhuth's *The Representative* has created a sensation. The play was first staged in February of this year in West Berlin by Erwin Piscator, and since then it has been eagerly awaited. It is a Schiller-style epic, and perhaps it is only fair to state at the outset that its success comes more from its subject matter than from any intrinsic dramatic merits. It is not a particularly good play, its writing is as clumsy as its construction is faulty; therefore, almost its entire power is centered on the tremendous and shattering political proposition it offers us.

At one level, not in my view the deepest level, *The Representative* is a narrative account of Hitler's terrible "final solution" to his Jewish problem, and the Catholic Church's reaction to it. Above that, it discusses the personal responsibility of Eugene Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, who for reasons of political expediency failed to express in the clearest, the most unambiguous, terms his protest at Hitler's massacre of the

Jews. Hochhuth's theory, unprovable but powerfully convincing, is that the Pope had it within his power to stop, or at least reduce, those killings.

But, I feel, that the play goes deeper than any mere discussion of Papal fallibility. It discusses through these specific terms the general problem of the neutral man. In the considerable body of evidence for his views which Hochhuth appends to the printed version of the play, he ends with the point that in our day and age "what can one expect of the Neutral Man when General Conscription and such statutes lead him into situations which

Although the play is imaginative rather than documentary, its facts are supported by copious, if on rare occasions disputed, evidence. The hero is a Jesuit priest, Fontana who, shocked by the Jewish massacres and the Pope's reluctance to denounce them, pins the Jewish Star of David on to his own soutane, and sacrifices himself at Auschwitz. (This incident is based on fact.) The play's two best scenes are undoubtedly when the Pope

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Clive Barnes is dance critic of *The Spectator*, writer on dance for *The Times* (London) and executive editor of *Dance and Dancing*. He also reviews plays and music regularly for the *Daily Express*.

November 2, 1963

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washes his hands of the Jewish question, and at the end when Fontana discusses good and evil with the satanic Doctor of Auschwitz, unnamed but derived from the character of the infamous Julius Mengali. The London production, under-rehearsed, often indifferently acted, succeeds to some extent, but only to such an extent as no play on this subject could possibly fail.

Yet it is unrealistic to discuss *The Representative* as if it were primarily a play. It is a platform, a pulpit, an accusation. Its incredible effectiveness comes from its bringing us to the fringe of what Hochhuth has called something we already have a strong temptation to treat "as a legend,

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an unbelievable apocalyptic fairy story." As he says: "Even the fact that we can today visit Auschwitz as we do the Colosseum is hardly enough to convince us that, seventeen years ago, in the world in which we live, this huge factory with its regular train service was once erected so that, *by the agency of normal human beings* who now earn their daily bread as postmen, district judges, youth workers, sales representatives, pensioners, secretaries of state and gynecologists, *other human beings might be done to death.*" (The italics are mine.) Now WE DID THIS—not the Pope, not specifically the Germans but us, for unless one accepts the Nazi theories of racism, we ARE the Germans. We are all guilty.

Just here, I think, is the danger of Hochhuth's argument. He has been accused, albeit half-heartedly, of whitewashing the Germans and trying to shift the responsibility on to the Pope. That is not true. Every scene of the play shows a fierce hatred of Nazism. But the confusion arises because Hochhuth is trying to justify the "Neutral Man," and in that there must be a fallacy.

The picture he draws of Pius XII as a calculating diplomat may be true or false. I am not a historian, but trying to sift during the past week or so as much of the evidence as I could lay my hands on, I am prepared to accept Hochhuth's reading of the character. Even further, I am myself convinced that had the Pope spoken out clearly and decisively against the Jewish murders, these would have been halted. Here we speak with the benefit of hindsight, and God's representative was only human.

Yet why blame the Pope, this cold diplomatist concerned with the Church's share prices, for a crime that no one did anything about? The Nazi crimes against the Jews started on April 7, 1933, when German Jews were forbidden to hold public office. They continued with growing intensity until humanity came to the incinerators of Auschwitz. Germany and the rest of Europe stood by watching this process. Britain and the United States ruthlessly controlled prewar Jewish immigration. Later, after 1939, the International Red Cross was as backward in condemning the Jewish massacre as was the Catholic Church.

What more could have been done? How could neutral men have made their presence felt? By chance, a re-

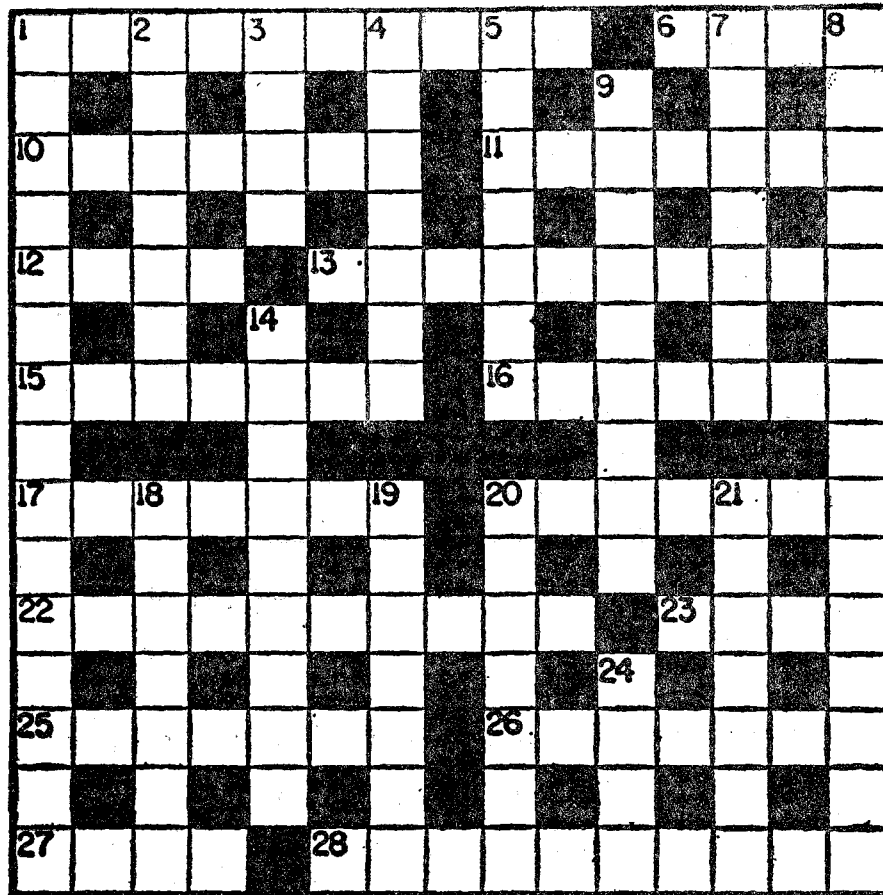
cent book, *Rescue in Denmark* by Harold Flender, gives part of the answer. Denmark had 8,000 Jews, vigorously protected by the Danes, the Danish king threatening Hitler that he and his entire family would wear the Star of David if they were touched. However, in 1943, Hitler decided to strike, and made plans to arrest the Jews on the night of Rosh Hashana, when they would all be in their homes. News of the raid leaked out, and virtually the entire Copenhagen people made themselves responsible for warning the Jews, and hiding them in hospitals and private houses. Eventually the S.S. captured 472, transporting them to Theresienstadt in Germany. The Danes did not leave it there. The German authorities were constantly questioned about their welfare by the Danish king and ministers. The Danes insisted on sending thousands of food parcels to the Jews, each one with a slip that the recipient had to sign and return to the sender. The ruse worked. Of the 472 Danish Jews taken, only fifty-three died.

It is important to note here that in the actions of their king, the Danes found a rallying point for their subsequent resistance. If the Pope had similarly met his moral responsibilities, it is at least arguable that the neutral men of Germany and Europe would have found the courage to oppose the criminals in power. But whatever we think the Pope *should* have done, the fact that he didn't do it cannot absolve us from our own guilt. It is surely dangerous to sit back and say that morals and leadership can be safely left to people who make a profession of them. Neutral men are powerless only when they permit themselves to be. We are the *majority*, the vast overwhelming majority, and we really do in the final count get the government we deserve — yes, even in a police state, where the terrorism of the minority subsists on the cowardly acquiescence of the majority. Even if we ourselves might not have had the courage to protest, we can at least have the grace to feel ashamed.

One last point. The translator, Robert David MacDonald, makes the justifiable comment that: "the same chance that made Hochhuth be born a German also made him write this play, and not perhaps a play about the decision to bomb Hiroshima. . . ." Perhaps if Hochhuth had been born twenty or thirty years later, his play might have been about South Africa—or Alabama.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1030

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 They have a party associated with right fast gals in trouble! (10)
- 6 What some producers hope to make in the pictures. (4)
- 10 Didn't come right out and say so, or perhaps the little devil just didn't state the truth. (7)
- 11 One wouldn't be able to cause a dilemma, figuratively. (7)
- 12 Property given as surety has to be free from water. (4)
- 13 Mab's helper certainly wouldn't have been a good speaker! (10)
- 15 Not the age of Alexander — more like the jazz age. (7)
- 16 What a searching party sometimes uses could be taken for granted. (7)
- 17 A minor problem for which one might look for a medical solution, rather than start from scratch. (7)
- 20 Operate effectually, to be current. (7)
- 22 One who causes mischief and alternately puts on airs acts like a persistent little beggar! (10)
- 23 Accidental cause of trouble on the road. (4)
- 25 Credit. (7)
- 26 All spilled blood certainly doesn't imply a slow beat! (7)
- 27 Runs down a column of children? (7)
- 28 Seen shot up in New York City more likely than in a small town. (7)

DOWN:

- 1 One wouldn't be a steady girl-

- friend, certainly. (15)
- 2 Burns told one not to scream. (7)
- 3 Made from metal found in lower Indiana and upper Illinois. (4)
- 4 Allow oneself to engage in dueling? (7)
- 5 The bridge might be tied up, evidently. (7)
- 7 Gray plodder. (7)
- 8 Acting out Lorna's change of character, expressing sympathetic joy. (15)
- 9 What is red is comparatively dull. (7)
- 14 An operatic heroine weeps at such take-offs. (9)
- 18 One of the houses on which the plague descended? (7)
- 19 One would expect to find holes in certain products from here. (7)
- 20 Thrown ahead, as some building material is? (7)
- 21 What one finds in the pub when a member of the body is inside, as one avers. (7)
- 24 She might sing a lot of variations. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1029

ACROSS: 1 Presides; 5 Grated; 9 Luggage; 10 Patties; 11 Statist; 12 Crackle; 13 Disfigurement; 15 One for the road; 21 Ratafia; 22 In force; 23 Disdain; 24 Due bill; 25 Reside; 26 Switched. DOWN: 1 and 14 Polish corridor; 2 England; 3 Italics; 4 Electric train; 6 Rat race; 7 Twinkle; 8 Descents; 10 Picture window; 16 Entasis; 17 Off-hand; 18 Offbeat; 19 Dervish; 20 Healed.

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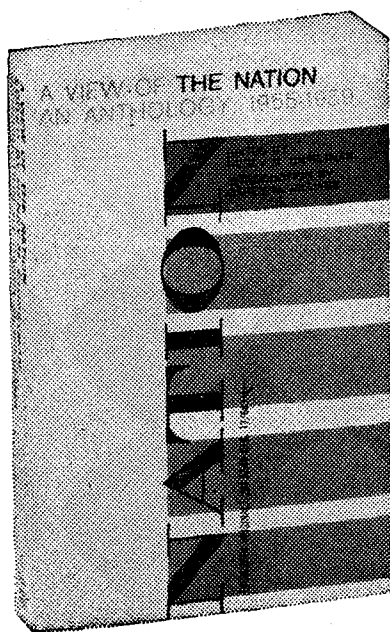
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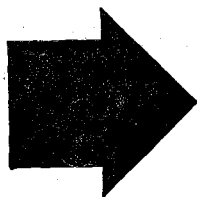


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